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Industrial Worker

AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL

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LEFT SIDE

Joe Hill Remembered

In Lake Worth, Florida, the Finnish Workers Educational Club observed the 53rd anniversary of the excution of the labor song-writer Joe Hill by showing the film "The Man Who Never Died", originally a Canadian TV presentation of the Hill story. Musical and other programs rounded out the evening.

In Boston Wobblies and members of the New England Resistance held memorial meetings the evening of November 18th and the morning of November 19th.

Hill was shot at sunrise in Salt Lake City November 19th, 1915.

Why a Wobbly ?

Over Radio KTAL (Duluth), Pat McMillian recently answered two questions with convincing logic, but perhaps all too briefly.

The questions were: Why are you a free thinker ? and Why are you a Wobbly ?

Listeners who heard Pat and would like to hear more can meet him personally. He is the IWW Stationary Delegate in Duluth. His address and phone number are listed on Page 3 under Official Notices.

Let Pat explain and you may ask yourself: "Why ain't I the same ?"

Signs of the Times

On the walls of an over-age building in Harlem, among many signs (some of them in Spanish), were these two:

"We Have a Dream."

"Together We Can Make It Happen."

(RP)—It must be some comment on our standard of living—which we all know is constantly on the rise. In the beginning, margarine was introduced as a cheap substitute for butter. Well, that was long ago, and margarine itself has become a "high-priced spread". Now there's another substitute product on the market. It's clearly labeled "artificial margarine". The main ingredients of artificial margarine are water and whipped air. The price is inflated, too.

Christmas Wish

An 11-year-old Chicagoan's Christmas wish: that there should be no Vietnam War, no race riots, and no poorness.

* * *

Suits made in Hong Kong by workers who have little more than a "rag to their backs" are offered for sale in the US, where garment workers are complaining about a shortage of jobs.

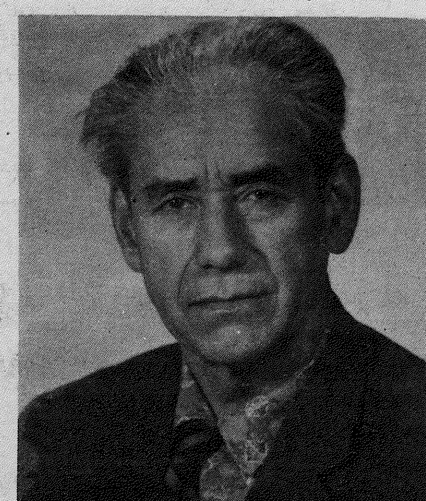
IWW Observer Sees Swede Syndicalism as Overly Optimistic

Revolution without Class War?

by Evert Anderson

SAC is short for Sveriges Arbetares Centralorganization —and it is toward this union that I wish to direct your attention. It is an independent organization not hitched to any political party—nor is it committed to any particular party line. Like the IWW, it is non-political, and its goal is establishment of a libertarian society.

SAC held its convention in Stockholm the last week of October. It was a five-day meeting attended by 80 delegates, plus a number of invited guests (yours truly being one of the latter, representing the IWW). Others present were Augustin Souchy of West Germany and David Picket of the Syndicalist Federation of Great Britain.



EVERT ANDERSON

Information furnished to me at this convention about today's activities and recent growth of the syndicalist movement in Sweden has inspired me both to speak and to write about impressions gained there.

SAC now has 24,000 members spread thinly all the way from the northern mining region of Karuna down to the Southern tip of Sweden.

From its humble beginning in 1910 (when it started with 21 locals and a membership of 696) to the present, SAC has encountered most of the obstacles to radical labor-union growth met elsewhere. It has had its ups and downs. Now, equipped with a pragmatic program for on-the-job organization and the fresh spirit of reviving radicalism to back it up, it is on the way forward again.

Its high point was reached in 1924 with a membership of 37,366. Then the disruptive tactics of the Commies, which aimed at the destruction of all movements that did not fit in with Soviet statist plans, had the same effect on the Swedish syndicalists that they had on the IWW in the United

(Cont. on p. 8)

JOB DRAIN DISTURBS U.S. LABOR

The export of jobs is increasing , the concern of labor in several industries. Special government trade concessions to "developing nations" make it easy for certain US manufacturers to jack up profits on goods which they sell here, but which they produced in sweatshops they own and operate in low-wage countries.

* * *

Labor is especially concerned with the area just south of the Rio Grande, where US firms are paying $2.32 a day to Mexicans employed in electronics, and less to those employed in the clothing industry. Partially - finished goods are sent to Mexico for assembling and then returned for further assembly—or for direct sale—here. The only duty paid is on the added value of very cheap labor. Among owners of runaway plants in Mexico are Fairchild Camera, Motorola, and Transitron.

The International Union of Electrical Workers in Philadelphia recently picketed Philco-Ford to protest layoffs resulting from transfer of color TV and other operations to Taiwan. Employment at the Philadelphia plant has dropped from 3,500 to 2,380 in two years, during which the company has expanded its Asian operation.

* * *

Joe Burns, local union president, accuses Ford of hypocrisy for shipping work abroad while pledging to hire hard-core jobless at home.

Sympathetic Strike in Italy

Millions of Italian workers struck for one day, November 14th, tying up all large farms and factories, to put pressure on the Government to grant larger pensions. This was a sympathetic strike of those in industry for those who have been retired from it. It brings to mind Clarence Darrow's eloquence in the CLP case:

* * *

"I have respect for the men who lay down their tools and take a chance to better conditions for themselves.... But when a man who has a job will lay down his tools out of sympathy for his fellow man,

I have infinitely more respect for him....I care not how many lawyers may argue that a sympathetic strike is illegal; I care not how many legislatures may declare it; so long

as men have human hearts and kindly emotions, they will know that the man who fights for his fellow-man is better than the man who fights for himself."

Workers Idled By Lack of Strike

The economics of Chicago was more disrupted by a "strike that didn't occur" than by any of the several walkouts that hit it this year. George W. Cloos, senior economist of the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago, has this to say about the effects of the steel strike that was expected last summer but never came:

"It was more disruptive than a strike itself—with the heavy build-up of inventories by steel consumers and the additional employees, including part-time workers. Then after August 1st, when the contract was settled without a strike, the layoffs came. Some companies haven't rebuilt their work forces yet."

Had any picket line kept these workers idled this long, the daily press would be filled with sob-sister stories about the hardships suffered. The foregoing is about the first mention in Chicago papers of the sad consequences of this strike that didn't happen.

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editorial

The Tragedy at Mine Number 9

In a statement on the Farmington, West Virginia mine disaster President Johnson regretted the failure of Congress to pass mine safety legislation backed by his administration. "The men and women of our mining communities," he said, "must have our promise that such shocking tragedies will not be repeated."

The President drew on a reservoir of words, phrases, and whole speeches that have been used over and over again by political, industrial, and religious leaders as appropriate on occasions when mine explosions blow men to bits or drive them into remote chambers where backed-up air permits them to breathe for minutes—or for days—while they await rescue or death.

Some day, they'll have the standard rhetoric for such an event fed into a mechanical brain so that an executive, by pressing a button, can have his statement ready to read while he adjusts his face for the photographer.

But Governor H. C. Smith, a coal baron's man in a coal state, felt no need for humanitarian sentiment. He wrapped up the whole business right off the top of his head this way: "We've had a tragedy....but it is a hazardous business. What has occurred here is one of the hazards of being a miner."

That's what the Governor said. A company spokesman on the scene told newsmen that recent safety violations were of no particular significance. He implied that the explosion could not have been foreseen from the evidence at hand before it happened. Of course he lied.

114 Dead Men Pose a Question

Any number of miners, as reporters learned, were ready to attest that "everybody knew that something had to happen". Since those first days, other evidence has been disclosed showing that Mine Number Nine was operated almost continuously in below-standard condition with regard to safety. For instance, it was cited 20 times since 1966 for operating with faulty electrical equipment. Each of seven inspections in the same period revealed dangerous gaseous conditions and dangerous concentrations of coal dust.

Though corrections were made after each inspection, the same dangerous conditions were found present again at each succeeding inspection.

So it finally happened: Number Nine blew up, and the nation saw a 10-day coal-town drama over TV and read about it in the newspapers. The drama ended officially when the president of Consolidated Coal ordered the mine sealed in order to smother the still-fiercely-burning fire.

But we may imagine (if we like) that an epilogue is being enacted somewhere down in the depth of that mine—a meeting in which 78 ghosts of the miners sealed-in there in November 1968 confer with 16 other ghosts of men who met exactly the same fate in November 1954, and with 20 others killed there in an explosion in 1955.

Since all were once good United Mine Workers union men, we may suppose them discussing this question: Where does the power lie that can stop these things from happening?

And that's a good question for miners still alive, and for other workers, as well.

Miners and Their Union

The legislation voted down by Congress in September would have plugged up a few loopholes in the Mine Safety Act of 1952. It would have put the working face of the mine under federal safety control, required replacement of old and out-moded electrical equipment, required improved ventilation to eliminate the dust-and-gas hazard, and provided for drastic penalties for violations.

Certainly, if enacted and enforced, all this would improve the present law which President Harry Truman declared little better than nothing even as he signed it back in 1952.

But it is not federal or state safety legislation that West Virginia miners are talking about now. They are talking, rather, about direct union action on the job—action aimed at forcing employers to up-date equipment and to accept modern health and safety standards such as are already in effect in other advanced countries as mandatory in their mines.

Thus these miners reject both the barbarian myth that coal mining must always remain an especially hazardous occupation and the equally-false notion that they can be helped only through legislation.

What they propose will, in the words of a Washington mining man, "cost the companies money, but it won't break them."

"Pass the law in the union hall; enforce it on the job"

The idea of job supervision by men on the job is by no means a new one, not even in the coal industry; but application of the idea, along with technical modernization in the mine-safety area, will meet with plenty of opposition from mine owners and management.

And what about the attitude of union officials, the top leadership of the UWA, toward a program of direct demands on the bosses for immediate improvement in working conditions? Very likely, they will be less than enthusiastic.

UWA policy seems to have been to limit action in the safety and health field to keeping an accurate record of fatalities and using it in arguments for new legislation. They also maintain hospitals for the human wreckage the industry creates.

When the union's present contract with the owners of Mine Number Nine was under discussion, it is reported, the subject of safe operation of the mine was not even mentioned. Considering the record of this mine, and others managed by the same owners, it is apparent that UWA policy is to concern itself only with wages and fringes, and to leave matters of safety to God, government, and the bosses.

Except when disaster strikes, it may be said that a very large part of the rank-and-file have gone along with this policy—maybe reluctantly, but they have been accepting it. Now a new attitude is appearing.

It's not to be expected that old union bureaucrats will take kindly to a drastic change in union policy. It's different with the men on the job. Neither the old-time miners nor the new workers recently drawn into the industry in large numbers are in a mood to continue operating the most modern coal-mining machinery in the world, and at the same time tolerate medieval working conditions.

According to the signs, this country is likely once again to witness real labor-union action in the coal fields, and soon.

It's a Prospering Industry

The economic position of coal has improved rapidly in the past couple of years. The industry is booming. The market for coal is expanding once more. The old fears—very real only a couple of years ago—are largely forgotten. There is still bite in the threat of a big company to close down one operation and fill its orders from the production of others that it owns in the event of a strike. But thinking miners are banking on the solidarity of labor in a common cause to wipe out that danger.

Finally, coal is no longer a depressed industry. It has met the competition of oil, gas, and electricity, and it is established firmly on the fuel market. They used to scare coal miners with the threat that if they didn't stop nagging the bosses with all sorts of demands, they would ruin the industry; everybody would burn oil; and owners and workers alike would be walking down the road on the bum. Coal miners of today won't fall for that stuff.

Rumors of smoldering discontent in the coal fields have been heard for months. It could be that the "murder for profit" of 78 good men will fan that discontent to a flame. Let's hope that it will not fizzle out in another march to Washington; that it will, instead, lead to real union building and action.

An Appeal from the General Defense Committee

Dear Fellow Worker:

Along with heartfelt Greetings of the Season, we come to you on this occasion with GDC's once-a-year appeal for contributions. This time again, the outstanding need is support for the IWW's legal fight for an even break in the field of union organization.

When 20 years ago the US Attorney General, without "due process", listed the IWW as subversive, it was for no other reason than to help employers drive radical unionism out of the work force. The extent to which this fascist-like purge worked is shown by the lack of humanitarian ideals and revolutionary purpose in today's union movement.

In 1965, the IWW saw opportunity to attack the listing monstrosity in court. We lost the first round of the battle that followed; and lost again when refused a hearing in the Supreme Court; but before the high court turned us down, an appellate court had heard our argument and ordered a re-trial. This new trial is yet to be held. Though government attorneys are trying to delay a showdown, we hope for an early—and victorious—end to the case.

Many of you will remember the otherwise-forgotten sailor, Walter Haas, who has already spent half a lifetime in prison. Though he sacrificed freedom in another union's strike, he regards GDC and the IWW as his only true friends. He asks that we send greetings to all who have helped over the years with jail relief for himself and other class-war prisoners. We join Walter in wishing you a Merry Christmas.

Other GDC commitments include providing defense in labor cases when called upon, and a pledge to aid the Alexander Berkman Fund in its refugee relief activities.

Please give as generously as you can. A new year lies just ahead. Surely it will be an exciting one to all of us who believe our efforts will help build a better world.

Sincerely,

Carl Keller
Secretary, GDC

Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

Workers Prefer Peace!

Editor:

There have been several statements in the Industrial Worker implying that workers favor war for the overtime it gives them. The election disproved this belief.

When Wallace took on LeMay—the big bomb advocate—as running mate, his popularity rating dropped from 21% to 14%. This means that a third of the Right Wing racists who backed Wallace did not want an escalation of the War. Those who ran the Humphrey campaign insisted that they had to arrange a peace conference and a bombing halt if they were to get enough working-class votes to put Humprey in. Those who ran the Nixon campaign kept him hushed about how to win the War and made him speak in favor of peace. (After it was all over, the upper crust in Saigon boasted that they put Nixon in by sabotaging the peace talks.) Experts on what you have to promise the workers ran those campaigns—and their judgment was plainly that workers prefer peace to overtime, not overtime to peace.

Fred Thompson

Turbulent History

Headquarters has a few complete sets of the One Big Union Monthly magazine for sale at $10 a set. Collectors are hungry for old IWW originals. These won't last long.

The sets are not bound. They consist of 18 issues of the magazine, from January 1937 to June 1938.

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INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

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official notices

BERKELEY: The Branch Secretary is Robert Rush, 1723 10th Street.

BOSTON: Write to Branch Secretary Dan L. Tilton, New England Resistance, 27 Stanhobe Street.

CHICAGO: Branch general membership meetings are now being held on the first Friday of the month at 2422 North Halsted Street. Write to Branch Secretary W. H. Westman.

DULUTH: Write to IWW Stationary Delegate Patrick J. McMillen, Post Office Box 559 (55801), or phone Pat (727-3154) after 7 p.m. for an appointment.

HOUSTON: Robert (Blackie) Vaughan is Acting Secretary of the Houston I.U. 510 Branch. All communications intended for the Branch should be addressed to him at 7505 Navigation Boulevard (77011).

ITHACA: Stationary Delegate Bill Siebert can be reached at the Glad Day Press, 308 Stewart Avenue (phone 607-273-0535 or 273-1899).

LOS ANGELES: Write to IWW Stationary Delegate, Post Office Box 46583, or phone Dorice McDaniels (OR 7-8397).

NEW YORK: For delegate service and information, phone Bill Goring (749-6465).

PHILADELPHIA: Write to Jarama Jahn, Post Office Box 17161 (19105), or phone MA 7-1896.

SAN FRANCISCO: See Michael Mack, Branch Secretary, 425 Presidio Avenue. Get involved in the action. Keep informed. It's been done by others.

SEATTLE: Call H. M. Edwards, Stationary Delegate, after 5 p.m. for information (WEst 7-2513).

VANCOUVER: Write to IWW Stationary Delegate J. B. McAndrew, 1896 I Avenue, Basement, or phone 738-7864.

WATERLOO: IWW Student-Teacher Branch at University of Waterloo, Ontario, Canada: Cyril Levitt, Secretary, c/o Federation of Students.

YAKIMA: Post Office Box 2205, Yakima, Washington 98902.

REBEL VOICES

Paperbound copies of Joyce Kornbluh's "Rebel Voices: An IWW Anthology" may be had from headquarters at $4.95 each.

REVIEW BY
EUGENE NELSON

The Night Visitor and Other Stories

by B. Traven

Probably the item of most interest in this new Pocket Books publication will be not any of the stories by the mysterious author of "The Treasure of Sierra Madre", but ,a short preface by Charles H. Miller. For the preface talks of Traven's "Wobbly attitude and his anarchist philosophy", and of the "myth" that he "was an active Wobbly of the Industrial Workers of the World in the United States and Mexico...and that he was expelled from the United States in the anti-Wobbly witch hunts of 1918-19". Also of interest is the bibliography, which lists among Traven's works (most of which he could not get published in the US due to their proletarian nature) "Der Wobbly"—published originally in Germany in 1926, and in London as "The Cotton-Pickers" in 1956—a work based on Traven's personal involvement in strikes.

The stories themselves, all set in Mexico, vary widely in subject matter and quality. Perhaps their best quality is a frequent rather-amateurish feeling that conveys a sense of directness and sincerity, as if whole sections were transcribed from a hastily-written diary. Occasionally when he is writing about Indians, he is guilty of a rather good-natured condescending ridicule, as in some of Steinbeck's writings about Mexican-Americans. But in general the reader gets the impression that these stories of the Mexican boondocks are written by a man with the Wobbly qualities of courage, compassion, independence of spirit, and warm sense of humor.

At your bookstore.

(Two good articles on Traven by Judy Stone appeared in Ramparts, September-October 1967.)

FREE PRESS

When the Saigon Government recently banned another newspaper, it explained: "The press is completely, absolutely free to criticize the government. But we consider that they have to defend—as a duty—the national cause."

I would like to have books by Charles T. Sprading; also Emma Goldman's Autobiography; also Lysander Spooner's books. — A. Stalcup, Santa Rosa, California 95401.

Race War in South Philadelphia...

"One day about four of us were coming down 9th Street. A bunch of whites, 10 or 12 guys older than we were, came over with sticks and began swinging at us. They didn't hit us, but they kept pretending like they would.

"We started running and a couple of them threw cans and bottles at us. A couple of times they yelled 'Nigger'. We began walking in groups of 10, 15 for self-protection.

"A lot of guys would put rocks in their pockets, just in case. It's kind of scary when you have to move through a place like South Philly by yourself and everybody hates you and you know it. Even the little kids would stop and stare at us like we was some kind of animals, 'cause their mammas would tell them that we was animals.

"They didn't want us to go to school there and we didn't want to go to school there, but we have to."

Thus did Larry Williams, 15-year-old black student at Bok Technical High School, describe to a reporter from the Philadelphia Bulletin the tension that led up to our little race war.

Bok is a nearly all-black school in the middle of a South Philadelphia working - class Italian neighborhood. As a technical school, it draws black students from the ghettos of other sections of the city. As they walk between the school and the subway they sometimes get into fights with local white punks.

Tuesday morning, October 8th, about 200 black students walked out of Bok to protest harassment by neighborhood whites. The school officials called Stanley Branche—executive director of the Black Coalition, an Uncle Tom Black Power group—who talked the students into going back to school. Rumors of fights between white and black students began to circulate through the school.

"White residents lined the sidewalks when classes were dismissed at 3:15. They shouted epithets. Police red cars escorted the departing Negro students. White youths threw bottles and bricks. Police charged them and there was a fight that ended in several arrests.

"Police Commissioner Frank L. Rizzo increased his force in the neighborhood and busses were brought in to transport Negro pupils home on the following day, Wednesday, October 9th.

"More than 1,000 gathered near the school. They waved homemade signs — 'Vote for Wallace', 'White Power Is Best', 'Down With Bok'."

According to the local press, the cops "dispersed a crowd of 300 Negro pupils apparently unwilling to board the busses; halted a group of about 300 white boys...and sealed off 40 blocks (in the area)." (Philadelphia Bulletin, October 10th, 1968) At any rate, heavy fighting was prevented. City and school officials, running around in a bureaucratic hysteria, not knowing what to do or whom to blame, finally ordered the school closed.

Bok and South Philadelphia High, which is in the same neighborhood, were closed Thursday and Friday. In the meantime, Black Power demonstrations were breaking out in high schools elsewhere.

On Thursday a false alarm was turned in at Edison High—a nearly all-black school in an all-black neighborhood. As the students filed out there was some commotion and fighting between whites and blacks.

A couple hundred of the black students took the opportunity to leave school, marched on a nearby all-girls school to recruit some chicks, then marched to Dobbins Technical High, whose enrollment is about half white.

They milled around, shouted "We Want Whitey!" at some white youngsters, made nasty faces at the cops, and listened to Freedom George tell them to go home. Freedom George is a young man with the reputation as well as the nickname of a militant. Finally they went home, having nothing better to do....

Leaders Again

Funny how these black demonstrators kept running into Black Leaders who kept telling them the same thing: "Go back to school; go home; cool it." The approach of the school officials was summed up by Leon Bass, black principal of Franklin High. "We managed to get them back with the help of student leaders," he explained to a reporter. "We got them into the auditorium, where we tried to get a dialogue going with the help of community people and Board of Education racial field agents. We got them next to go into classrooms to cool the situation. This worked out."

Philadelphia has more Black Leaders than an alleycat has fleas. This may sound strange in view of the fact that the black movement has been almost dead here for several years. In this city, a Black Leader means somebody who has a fancy title in an organization with a big name and very few members—a person who may spend years waiting for the Board of Education to call him up and ask him to "cool" a demonstration.

Well, the Board was really calling them up that week.

Yes, that's what they're calling them—"black militant leaders". The pathetic thing is that some of them actually did start out as genuine militants, years ago. But the illusions of power and their own self-importance fuddled their own brains until now they are no better than the cops they work with.

On Monday the black students took over Franklin, expelling white teachers, stationing guards at the doors, handing out arm bands and buttons to sympathizers, and generally running things their own way. That night they sat in. Principal Bass brought in a TV set for them to watch. Their parents brought food and cooked it in the school cafeteria. They spent the night in the gymnasium and auditorium and left quietly before classes started the next morning.

Racist Speakers

Meantime the White Power militants were moving from protest to resistance. A crowd estimated at 2,000 met in the Bok High auditorium; cheered racist speakers; booed Police Commissioner Rizzo; and declared that they would sit in until the Board of Education met their demands. (We have never been able to find that this list of demands was published, although enough fragments were quoted by the press to make it obvious what it was like.)

So there were the white folks sitting in at the school auditorium, just like the black students at Franklin the night before. In their fight for slavery they could think of nothing better than to imitate the tactics of the fight for freedom. And to deal with them the city officials could think of no other tactics than those they had used to hold down the black demonstrators.

The Board of Education asked them to appoint a committee to represent them

By ED JAHN

in a private negotiating session. These whites, you see, didn't have any ready-made leaders waiting to be called; the Board of Education had to con them into creating leaders, before it could entice these leaders into selling out. The whites were smarter than the blacks in that they were wise to this ploy, at least for the moment. They refused to appoint the committee. So the closest thing to a White Leader the city had there was Police Commissioner Rizzo.

Rizzo banned street gatherings, put the police on 12-hour shifts, and sent busloads of them through ghetto neighborhoods. He worked hard to prove he could keep his niggers in their place; and, since he got credit for the fact that there weren't any riots in Philly this summer, he was the hero of every bigot in town. But not any more. Ever since he ordered the cops to protect black students at Bok from the lynch mob that fateful Wednesday, his hero days are over.

Rizzo did his best. But the man who saved the day for the Board of Education was Clarence Farmer.

Enter Farmer

Brother Farmer, who is the head of the city's Human Relations Commission, has a black skin. Under the skin, though, he is white on white; just the type of "colored" person that prejudiced white people feel they can deal with.

The White Power sit-in began with a couple thousand in attendance, but most of them had straggled out by early morning. White reporters estimate the crowd at 300 at 3 a.m. and 125 at daybreak. So they were really down to a hard core by the time Farmer showed up at 7:30 Wednesday morning.

This is the nice thing about a sit-in—from the point of view of the people who are being sat-in against. The sitters-in are up all night talking and exercising their militancy. By dawn they are tired and foggy from lack of sleep, and the edge has been taken off their enthusiasm. Having spent hours convincing each other that they will hold firm and not sell out, they are ready to make concessions that they never would have made at the beginning.

Remember this, if you ever join the enemy and have people sitting in against you: The smart thing is not to argue with them; not to call the cops; but to go away and get a good night's sleep. When you come back the next day the chances are they will already have softened themselves up for the kill.

When Farmer first appeared at the door with several white aides, he was booed. The group left and Farmer returned alone minutes later.

"I am disappointed in you," he said. "This is a very foolish thing to do. The trouble is, you are not organized and you'll never get anything acting this way."

It was just as if he was about to "handle" a black demonstration. The words he used were practically the same.

There were stirrings in the group, and he placed his hands palms out for quiet. He continued:

"I have a proposal to make. I have here a letter assuring me at least five members of the school board will meet with you. Not one, two, or three—but five."

It was just as if he was handling a black demonstration. Notice how he subtly took credit for the School Board's offer to negotiate—as if he, who you would think was obviously an enemy of this demonstration, were doing the demonstrators a favor. The School Board's offer was exactly the same as the proposal rejected the evening before, but the shifting psychology of an exhausted demonstration gave it the golden shine of a great victory....

Get the people to appoint leaders; get the leaders into a private conference, and before you know it they will be scrambling over each other in the competition to kiss your bottom. Such is the tried-and-true strategy of the boss class. It worked against the blacks fighting for freedom and now it is working against the whites fighting for slavery.

Outside Agitators

The White Power people started off with a list of demands that revolved around a program to "de-nigger-fy" Bok (they spelled the word "de-Negro-fy", but that's not how they pronounced it) by kicking out all the black students who did not come from South Philadelphia. ("It's not the South Philadelphia colored, but those youth from North and West Philadelphia that come here and cause trouble," they said.)

The Board of Education made vague promises to "improve the racial balance" at Bok and to put more guards in the schools. So the new-found leaders of the White Power movement, who had refused to listen to this the day before, went into a private conference with the Board and emerged with an agreement to improve the racial balance and put more guards in the school.

Those black students who sat in all night with Principal Bass's TV set came up with a list of demands too. They demanded that Ben Franklin High be re-named Malcolm X High and that African languages be taught as majors. They demanded more department heads who "can identify with black", and a black athletic director and coach. They demanded that the Board of Education take "all measures... to clean up Bok and South Philadelphia High". What measures would these be? Nobody knows.

What good would any of these demands do—the Black Power ones or the White Power ones? Would they prevent riots? No. Would they get more jobs for the poor and unemployed? No. Would they keep high-school kids of either race from getting beaten up on the way to school? No. What good did they do? Well, they served to help the demonstrators blow off steam, and that's about all.

Beat Goes On

'Tis a sad tale with a perfectly-obvious moral. The IWW has been saying, ever since it first got started, that the workers will never get anywhere as long as they split up along racial lines. It's gotten to sound like a platitude, rather old and stale in comparison with the excitement of Black Power. But it really is the truth.

These blacks and these Italians live in almost the same kind of houses, work at almost the same kinds of jobs, and make almost the same kind of money. The Italians are a little better off, but not by very much—otherwise they wouldn't still be living in South Philadelphia. They're both poor; they both remember being a lot poorer, and they're working hard to make a few extra bucks. They both eat chitterlings and fatback—although the Italian names for these things make them sound much more exotic.

Both of them are slaves, bound by a paycheck as firmly as ever a black man down South was bound by an iron chain. The master uses the same tactics to keep them both in chains. And the longer they keep squabbling with each other the heavier those chains are going to get.

When will they learn? Not for awhile, I'm afraid.

Paris Mods Celebrate

The annual gala celebration of the Monde Libertaire (the Anarchist Federation) was held on Sunday, November 10th at the Mutualite in Paris. By 8:30 p.m. the huge hall was filled, and many people stood for the entire program, which lasted three hours.

It was an entertainment—music, singing, comedy acts, et cetera—and there was no attempt at indoctrination. The big star of the evening was Leo Ferre, a well-known folk-singer who used to be an anarchist. He was welcomed enthusiastically, and he sang many songs.

Before the program began and during the intermission, people had a chance to push their special literature.

I estimate that there were at least 5,000 people there. More than half were young, and there was a generation gap. The older people were upward of 50; the younger were downward of 25.

The large attendance was indeed impressive. However, this was no indication of unity within the group. The tickets cost 10 francs, approximately $2 in US money, and this represented the equivalent of admission to a downtown movie in Paris. As entertainment, it was well worth the money.

The following day, November 11th, was Armistice Day; and because this year is the 50th anniversary of the end of the First World War, there was an unusually-large celebration. President DeGaulle appeared in public twice—in the morning at Notre Dame and in the afternoon at the Arc de Triomphe, where he delivered an address honoring all the political and military heroes of 1914 to 1918.

Radical Paris did not protest or demonstrate on that occasion because of the overwhelming number of servicemen and police that were about.

However, on November 9th there was a small demonstration at the Sorbonne. During memorial services there, a group of students whistled the Internationale, carried a red flag, and distributed literature. They were dispersed by police, who, in the area of the Sorbonne, are especially numerous.

Someone in Carcassonne, a region in the south central part of France, protested by writing the following inscription on the local war monument:

"1914-1918: died for nothing.
Workers have no country.
You may think you died for
your country but you really
died for the profiteers."

—X324273

Appleknocker Takes on a Rail Job

It was October 24th and it looked as though the apple crop was over in Yakima. Baltimore Whitey, Slim, and myself had spent the morning riding around the valley looking for the last elusive Winesap, but it looked like we'd have to wait 'til next year for more fun in the orchards. ("Some families come out here to pick for their vacations.")

In the afternoon Whitey went down to the Washington State Farm Labor Office (slave market) to see if there was anything we'd missed. They only had short "scrapping out" jobs, but on the bulletin board there was a notice that the NP was forming an extra gang to work in East Olympia.

$2.75 per hour with only $3.70 per day for room and board sounded better than any fruit baron had offered, so we resolved to look into it the next morning. Whitey, an old rail himself, was somewhat less sanguine than Slim or myself; but, Wobblies all, we figured we'd stick together and try it.

Slavemarket

The next morning at the slave market they gave us each a little card to take to the stationmaster at Yakima. It turned out that Yakima hadn't had a stationmaster for over a year, but we were told to give our slips to a secretary upstairs. She was, naturally, at home sick, and nobody else knew what to do. "Come back tomorrow, she should be back." Another day of expenses without work.

She was there the next day (Saturday) and gave us physical examination slips to take to a local doctor. Of course HE wouldn't be able to see us until Monday. Our rent being due that evening, we asked if we couldn't move on to the Tacoma-Olympia area, get our physicals there, and start work sooner.

They allowed that we could take our physicals Monday morning at the NP hospital in Tacoma. After paying a farewell visit to FW Underwood we left for Tacoma.

Monday morning we all passed our physicals (Whitey with the proviso that he must get new glasses before starting work), and we were told to give our job slips to the Olympia stationmaster. When we went and met him we could have told him we were hired to mine cheese on the moon as far as he knew.

After calling Seattle and Saint Paul (!) he found that we were to be working with Extra Gang Number Two about nine miles east of Olympia. We found the camp about 1:30 p.m., met the bull cook, and signed out for our bedding.

Home was to be an unelectrified boxcar with three double-deck bunks, one table, and two yard-long benches. Heating was provided with a coal pot-belly; unlockable wardrobe cubicles were built into both ends of the car. Sanitary facilities consisted of ditch outhouses (about one to every eight cars); to bathe would require building a fire to heat the water, et cetera—about a two-hour operation. Since most of the gandies didn't move in the home-guard social scene extensively, we decided to risk offending rather than go through this ritual after each ten-hour day.

The gang came in from work about 4:30; supper was on about 45 minutes later. We didn't know if we could eat, not having worked yet, but the bull cook yelled for us to come down to the dining car. The verdict on the food was not unanimous; Slim thought it was OK, but I felt I would never go out to buy the meal, but could tolerate it for a while.

The one obvious conclusion we reached after talking to the men was that the disorganization already experienced was to continue; you could believe any one of half a dozen explanations as to rates of pay, duration of work, pay periods, board deductions, where and when we'd be moving next, et cetera.

Flat Broke

Most of the men had similar backgrounds, running from something or someone, or running and not knowing why. Virtually all flat broke, the gang was about 50% black, the remainder being a mixture of Indian, mestizo, and white. NO Orientals!

That evening we tried to find out if rain gear was furnished or could be purchased in camp. Negative on both counts. Returning to our side-door Pullman, we built our fire, and tried to read a while, but the inadequacy of the kerosene lamps forced us to retire within an hour.

In the morning we woke up to the tattoo of that gray, steady rain which nourishes the domain of the lumber barons. We had slept fitfully the night before due to the trains redballing along our siding every hour or so, and been awakened about 1:30 by two new tenants one of the trains dropped off from Yakima. At that time of the night our reception was somewhat shy of cordial, but we got the names exchanged, found they had also just got out of the fruit, and returned to bed.

Whitey, having slept on the whole situation, decided that having to invest in both glasses and gear to work wasn't desirable in his present deflated condition, so he'd try to find something of a situation in Seattle.

Need Gear

Slim and I concurred that WE would have to get gear before we started work, so we would all drive to Seattle that day and forego the steel and spikes for another day. It was with some sadness that we split up, having stuck together through the whole apple season.

After a short time Slim was recruited to run one of the drills making the new holes for the larger tie plates. The machine is much easier to operate for a tall man, so Slim lucked out. A cursory glance at me was all that was needed; I had a sledge in my hands before I could protest. I was to work at the very tail end of the gang hammering on the tie anchors or "creepers" to the new rail.

It takes a full two hours every morning before all the machines are set up and the real work begins; at our end it was close to 10:30 before we began, but we proceeded to make up for lost time in earnest. At about 1:30 we broke for lunch. With the food being brought up to the front end of the gang it took close to 15 minutes to walk up to the chow. After I had sat down less than three minutes we were told that lunch was over and to get back to work. I grabbed my two dry sandwiches and apple (cull) and proceeded back down the line. Slim laughed. Damn labor aristocracy!

Double Sawbuck

Slim nonchalantly shoved a double sawbuck into Whitey's hand, which didn't refuse it (pride is an impossible luxury for the fruit tramp), but Whitey made it clear he'd get it back to him.

Upon returning to Chicago I found that pastures in Seattle must not have been that green as GHQ had received a letter from Whitey in Phoenix with the request (good show) that he be issued delegate credentials.

Now we were all set. With our army-surplus gear, Slim and I were ready to begin our gandy careers. We were awakened a little before six the next morning to a clear and bright, though chilly, day. After breakfast we followed the herd to the small, flat carts that took us out to the job site. We were assigned our numbers with which to check in each morning with the assistant foreman. I was given Number 33, and since we were the newest men on the crew, the crew must have numbered something under 30 men taking account of the men who left whose numbers would not be re-used until the next month.

We were on the steel gang. In the same camp train, though eating in their own mess, was the tie gang. For this job, however, of laying new quarter-mile ribbons of rail to replace the old standard 33' sections, the two crews were combined as one with all 60 to 70 men working together.

After reaching the job site, about a mile and a half from camp, we mostly stood around and tried to get an idea of what was happening. The old hands (those with over a week of service) hooked the clamp of the crane onto all the varied machines which had been left on the side of the roadbed the night before. The crane operator then lifted them onto his own track in their specified order. The job runs much as an assembly line, every man or machine doing its own small element of the task. The only difference, naturally, being that the railbed cannot be moved past the men, so the men and machines move down the track much as a train.

The Next Day

When we quit at 4:30, I could barely straighten up, but had made the first day and figured I could handle it after I got in shape. Sleep came quickly and the freights were barely noticed.

The next day Slim had to stay in camp due to a pronounced antipathy for that great food. Our anchor-crew assistant foreman directed us to put on the anchors in slightly different position than we had the day before, and we dutifully accommodated. After we had been working about two hours, the section inspector came along and told us we were doing it all wrong and should have continued just as yesterday. I explained that we were following new orders. The foreman came along and explained that he no sooner turns his back than he has men screw up. This was too much for me, and I commenced to reveal him to the inspector as a lying SOB. He began running off at the mouth that I was nothing but a tramp and demanded if I would like to go off in the woods and settle

(Cont. on p. 7)



Appleknocker...

(Cont. from p.6)

the matter. All of which was irrelevant to the fact that we were following his orders.

During this whole fracas the rest of the crew, who fully understood the situation, observed all in silence.

This is perhaps the most frustrating thing about the contemporary migrant: So inured to getting treated like a dog, he no longer becomes indignant beyond the point of grousing among his fellows.

The head foreman of the tie gang was called over and I was transferred to a job on the very front end of the gang with the admonition that he didn't want to see me sneaking over to drink water or smoke; I was to work. Up to that time I hadn't had water all day.

Slim went back to work Friday; I stayed in. I wasn't sick, just fed up. Saturday being an off day, we signed out for meals Friday night and went up to Seattle. We were back to work on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, which was the last day of work on that section. We were to be moving up to Tacoma to lay new steel up there.

Late that afternoon on the job, the word came through from the hospital that I and two other recent arrivals had been rejected; I would have to go to the hospital to find out why. Thus ended my career as a gandy, but not my dealings with the NP.

The next day, at the hospital in Tacoma, I was told that I had some slight back irregularity on the X-ray and that it was nothing to worry about (except if I wanted to work for the NP).

The hassle to get my pay is too long a tale to tell in detail. Suffice it to point out that my last day of work was November 5th, and I remained in Tacoma through November 24th without being able to draw all my money. I talked to the stationmaster or section timekeeper every other day, but they were rather hopeless, as all the payrolling for the entire road has to be done in Saint Paul. The meals we signed out for on Saturday are still charged at the standard $5 tariff.

Slim's first check, for one day's work in October, amounted to 97¢. This did not include any governmental deductions (such as income tax or railroad retirement), but only commissary and company charges. Since there wasn't enough left, the government would have to wait until the next pay period. Slim went out and blew his whole check in one night, as is the wont of those debauched tramps.

As best I can calculate midst all this bureaucratic chaos (not anarchy), the rail trust still owes me $17, which I will try to get by mail although my hopes of success are rather dim.

Despite this chaos and chicanery the rail still gets laid; our FWs in the side-door Pullmans, the reefers, the gons, the piggybacks, or (get smart) ridin' the blinds can sleep deeper, since the clickety-clack will now be coming every 1320' instead of every 33'.

I don't feel I have to belabor the way out of this sad state of affairs for the readers of the IW. Sign 'em up, Slim!

—Al Just

Who Picked Nixon?

Who decided that Nixon should be the next President?

Writing from Saigon on November 15th, Georgia Anne Geyer, Chicago Daily News correspondent, reported that "top Saigon officials are boasting privately that they helped assure the election of Nixon".

Their boast runs that by attending the proposed peace talks they could have put Humphrey in, but by sabotaging them they won the election for Nixon. The process by which such a decision does get made is a process subject to this type of manipulation.

In Italy

Church to Pay Taxes

(from Resistance Press)

The Roman Catholic Church, the original "establishment", has agreed to start paying taxes—but only on a small portion of its vast financial holdings.

The Vatican, according to a Reuters dispatch, announced the end of a five-year battle with the taxmen October 29th by saying it was prepared to pay the Italian Government taxes on dividends from Italian stocks reported to be worth from $160,000,000 to $206,000,000.

Only high officials of the Catholic curia know how much the church is worth, but the untaxed total obviously runs into billions of dollars.

"The most conservative estimate that it is reasonable to make," says the London Economist, "establishes the Vatican—or rather the Pope, for his rule is absolute—as far - and - away the world's largest shareholder, with a portfolio of quoted securities the world over totaling the equivalent of more than $5,600,000,000. Of this, only about a tenth is held in Italy."

This portfolio of shares, however, is still only a fraction of the Vatican's wealth. It is known, for example, that the Catholic Church is one of the world's biggest landlords.

In Rome and many cities of Europe and North and South America, says the Economist, the Church owns acres and acres of houses and apartment buildings, office buildings, and other commercial structures, and enormous amounts of land.

This does not include the untold value of the Church's art treasures and jewelry, nor the value of its ecclesiastical property—convents, colleges, shrines, churches, and the like.

Church-owned businesses, such as wineries, insurance operations, publications, banks, and bakeries, must also be added to the total.

In addition, the Catholic Church has controlling or dominant interest in many large private businesses. For example, three-quarters of the Rome Hilton Hotel.

The Pope's gold reserves and other funds are deposited in US, British, and Swiss banks. His financial experts are constantly alert for good investments. In the US, an unpublicized committee of important and well-informed laymen counsels the Vatican on its investments here.

Diplomatic privileges enjoyed by the Holy See permit the continuance of its financial transactions through all the storms of depression or war. A special Vatican bank established in 1942, says the London Economist, enables the Church "to undertake transfers across closed frontiers, and it profited richly (during World War Two) from the rare privilege of being able to transfer foreign exchange in a partitioned world."

The full picture of the Church's untaxed wealth would also have to include the holdings of local church organizations. The Archdiocese of Chicago, for example, is said to produce more annual revenue than does Vatican City itself.

Under Illinois law, the Archbishop of the Chicago diocese is set up as a "corporation sole", giving him sole possession of all the property and other assets of the archdiocese.

In Chicago, where parish priests scurry about organizing ghetto residents to take legal action against private slum-lords, the Archbishop is the City's biggest rent-collector.

The world-wide sum of the untaxed wealth of the Catholic Church is staggering—and the worldly power this wealth implies is correspondingly impressive.

No wonder that in April 1965 Pope Paul VI advised his business colleagues to be "reasonable and moderate in the search for profit from your services and avoid indiscreet speculations, since the general welfare of society is at stake, as well as the health of business itself."

In other words, there's no point in wrecking the holy golden goose that lays the untaxed eggs.

—Charles Doehrer

How Long Do Solons Sit?

At last a serious study of how long lawmakers in major countries sit in order to hatch out their annual yield of laws has been made.

Having checked on 17 leading parliaments, Canadian Solons report that British MPs head the list with an average 1,360 hours a year—which is more than 300 hours longer than the second-hardest-worked MPs, the members of the Canadian House of Commons.

The US Senate comes in third with only 920 hours of sitting a year. Though the Norwegian Stortinget takes up to 160 days to incubate its annual output, about the same number of days as the British, the Norwegian MPs have shorter hours. They sit from two to five hours a day, while the British average nine.

Swede Practical Unionism Unites with Radical Ideals

Chicago Wobblies got a first-hand report from Fellow Worker Evert Anderson on his trip to Sweden at a meeting held for that purpose Sunday, November 17th. They also got a chance to ask questions and make comments.

Anderson set out with a short sketch of developments within the Swedish labor movement from the big strike of 1909 to date, the circumstances that led to the formation of the Sveriges Arbetares Centralorganization (Swedish Workers Central Organization, or SAC) as a body somewhat similar to IWW; SAC's long connection with the International Workingmen's Association; and in more recent years SAC's majority decision to concentrate less on what some felt to be the dogmas of the past, and to give more attention to the practical functions of a union on the job. He reported that this transition had been made successfully, but unavoidably with some mixed feelings in the SAC ranks; the young rebels looked at the "nothing in common" statement in the IWW preamble and said this is what they wanted.

This job emphasis interested the audience the more because of their plans for an all-out job-organization program next spring in Chicago. Some differences in the two situations were noted. In Chicago a large number of workers in factories employing a hundred or fewer remain unorganized, while Sweden is so much more organized that SAC can expect to grow only by getting new members from the more conservative LO unions.

In Sweden unions have the additional chore of administering unemployment funds for their members, representing the government in this capacity somewhat to the consternation of old anarchists in the movement. There is some difference, too, in applying the maxim that workers must have the right to choose their own unions—taken in the US to mean that by majority vote one sole collective-bargaining agency is chosen, but there the rule still retains some of the original sense of personal choice.

The general acceptance in Sweden of the idea that society collectively is responsible for welfare makes other differences in union policy. Anderson reported that both the moderate LO unions and the Leftist SAC are embarrassed by the existence of a sort of sub-class of workers who are paid much less than customary union rates (in the smaller restaurants, hobby shops, and the like). It is widely felt that to raise their pay to normal union standards would kill most of their jobs. Many recognize that one aspect of the struggle to raise living standards is to kill the sub-marginal work units that do not permit a worker to produce the equivalent of a decent living; however there is a natural reluctance to tell these workers that this is what they must do whether they want to or not. One result is a tendency to seek a solution by pressing the government either to subsidize these low-paid workers or to subsidize their employers. SAC has taken the position that the important thing is to raise the living standards of these workers at the bottom, and has offered to co-operate with LO on any program that will do this.

Chicago Wobblies anticipate encountering similar problems on some of the worst-paid jobs here too, and remember what Appalachian miners can tell us about that sort of quandary, with no subsidy in sight.

Much of the discussion centered on the need stressed by both SAC and IWW for better communication with our fellow workers around the world. Many who share our general outlook in various countries are in unions that work toward contrary nationalist purposes. Needed: some means for reaching joint understanding and co-operative undertakings between individual unionists and union bodies that hold to our outlook in varying degrees.

All joined in the hope expressed by Anderson that the many courtesies extended by SAC during his trip are only the beginning of a far-more-effective push toward world solidarity by the two organizations and those who share their aims on all continents.

Anderson on S.A.C. . . . *(cont. from p. 1)*

States, and on similar movements elsewhere.

In 1965, SAC reported a membership of 21,366 and 372 local unions. Since then its growth has been continuous, promising a brighter future for kindred movements in other parts of the world.

Job action was the "thing" when the syndicalist movements were born. Their job-action history approximates that of the IWW, both in extent and in intensity. Their members paid the same price, too, for their fight for freedom.

John Anderson, in his 40-year history of SAC, introduces a long list of members jailed as a result of their activities in behalf of their class.

Direct action on the job is now much easier to talk about than to practice. The state has formulated procedures which unions are obliged to recognize if they do not wish to suffer the consequences of legal interruption of their activities.

The labor court is already "old-hat" in Social Democratic Sweden. From testimony presented at the convention, I gathered that SAC is doing quite well in the protection of its members' interests on the job. In busy union spots, they employ "Ombudsmen" on full-time pay. On smaller jobs, the members take care of their own problems through committees or other suitable agencies.

On the ideological front, there appear to have been some changes made. I shall quote from a leaflet published by SAC's Central Organization.

The leaflet reviews briefly the evolution of syndicalism since the 1860s, through the Civil War in Spain, and up to the 1940s, when the present "modern view" of syndicalism evolved in Sweden. To give you a look at the present attitude of the Swedish syndicalists, I quote from the leaflet:

"Modern Libertarian Syndicalism has written off the 'class-struggle dogma' of the classical syndicalists, and stresses very strongly its libertarian character. The old thought of a definitive general-strike revolution has been abandoned as being, in today's society, unrealistic and implying totalitarian risks.

"The development towards a libertarian socialist society is thought of as an evolutionary process with trade-union struggle, opinion making, and other direct social activity as the means of propulsion. On the whole, for modern syndicalists, the end plays a considerably lesser part than direction, and libertarian syndicalism is still less doctrinaire and more pragmatic than the older syndicalism."

On the foregoing question I think it appropriate to comment that the class struggle is a fact of life in all class societies, including Swedish society. The degree of force used by the ruling class against labor may differ from one country to another, depending on government policy, but this in no way argues for the disappearance of the class struggle.

The IWW on this still holds that "this struggle must go on until the workers of the world take possession of the earth and the machinery of production and abolish the wage system."

The Swedish Social Democrats are rather clever manipulators of class power, promising in one breath protection for both capital and labor, and actually intervening, on suitable occasions, on labor's side. Social Democrats have been in power since the big depression days, and during this time many reforms have been instituted to ease the burden of labor, but not designed for labor's liberation.

The peaceful behavior of the Swedish ruling class over the years may be responsible for the SAC notion that "Modern Libertarian Syndicalism" can in fact pick and choose an "evolutionary process" in its struggle toward a Libertarian Socialist Society, rejecting the revolutionary general strike as both "unrealistic and implying totalitarian risks".

I think that totalitarian dangers are always with us regardless of the tactics we choose.

The danger of totalitarianism will not be any less if we reject the general strike as a means to a wished-for end.

SAC publishes a weekly 12-page paper called Arbetaren which reflects the views on syndicalism alluded to above. This paper is printed in SAC's own shop, which is located in a building they own and which is the headquarters of the organization as well.

Arbetaren is oriented outward; it is designed to reach the general public and not just syndicalists. Another paper published by SAC, called Industri-Arbetaren, comes out six times a year and is designed chiefly for members.

From the SAC print shop comes a steady stream of pamphlets, leaflets, et cetera explaining the syndicalist position on current labor problems.

SAC is a constant irritation to the conservative LO, which is hitched to the Social democratic bandwagon. LO would dearly like to use its 1,600,000 membership strength to eliminate SAC by means of job monopoly. LO is the Swedish trade-union movement corresponding roughly to the AFL-CIO in this country.

I think it safe to say that SAC will stay and grow. Since it is a non-statist movement, history is on its side. As the modern freeway by-passes the little cockroach village in the interest of traffic efficiency, providing only access and egress, so the labor movement aiming at a free-labor world must by-pass the bourgeois state—also in the interest of the greatest possible efficiency—and of human freedom.